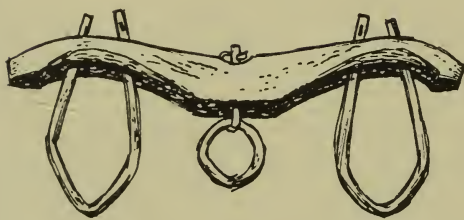


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Risdon, F. Ray

Ode to Lincoln's
Log Cabin

LINCOLN ROOM



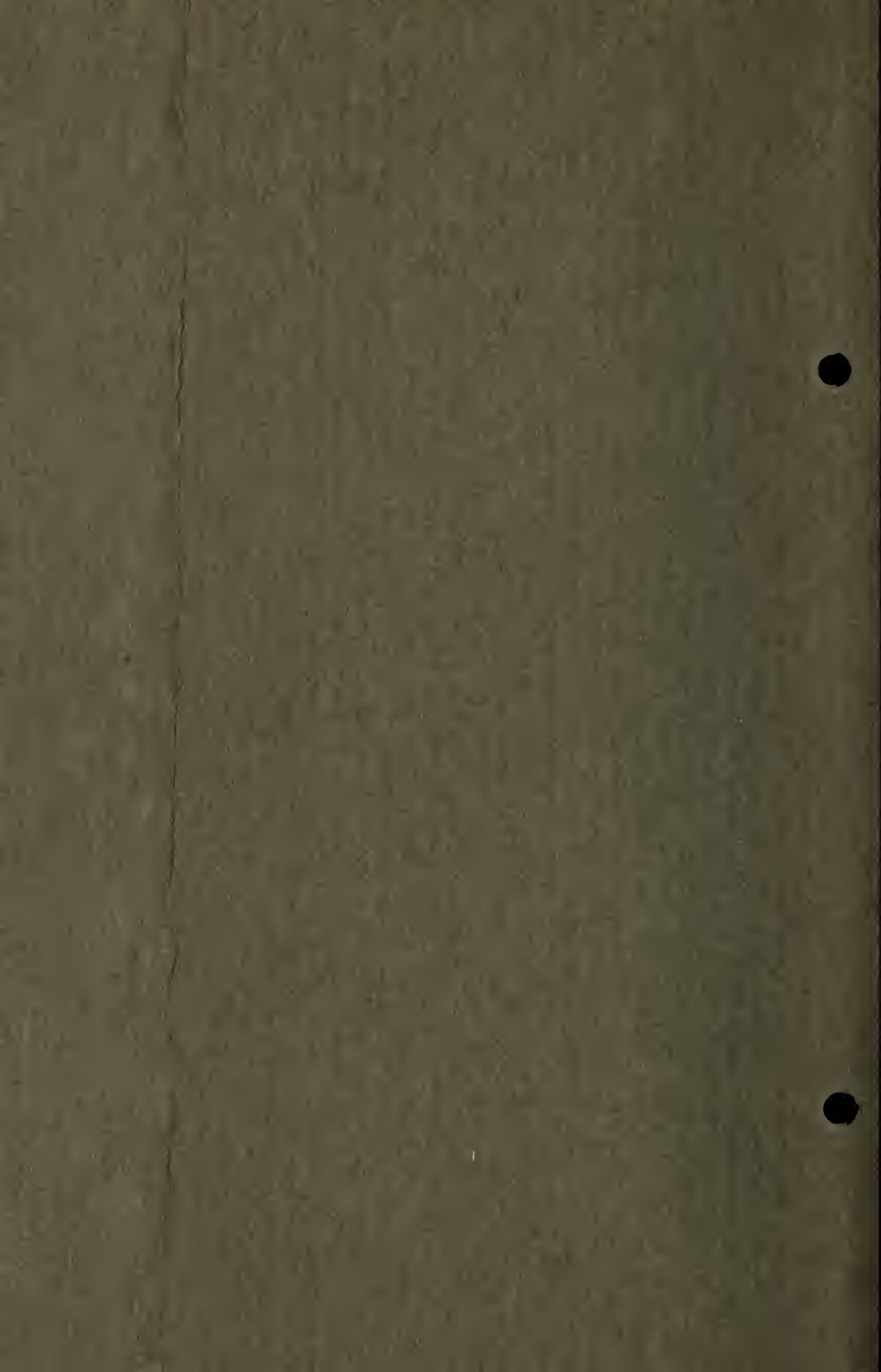
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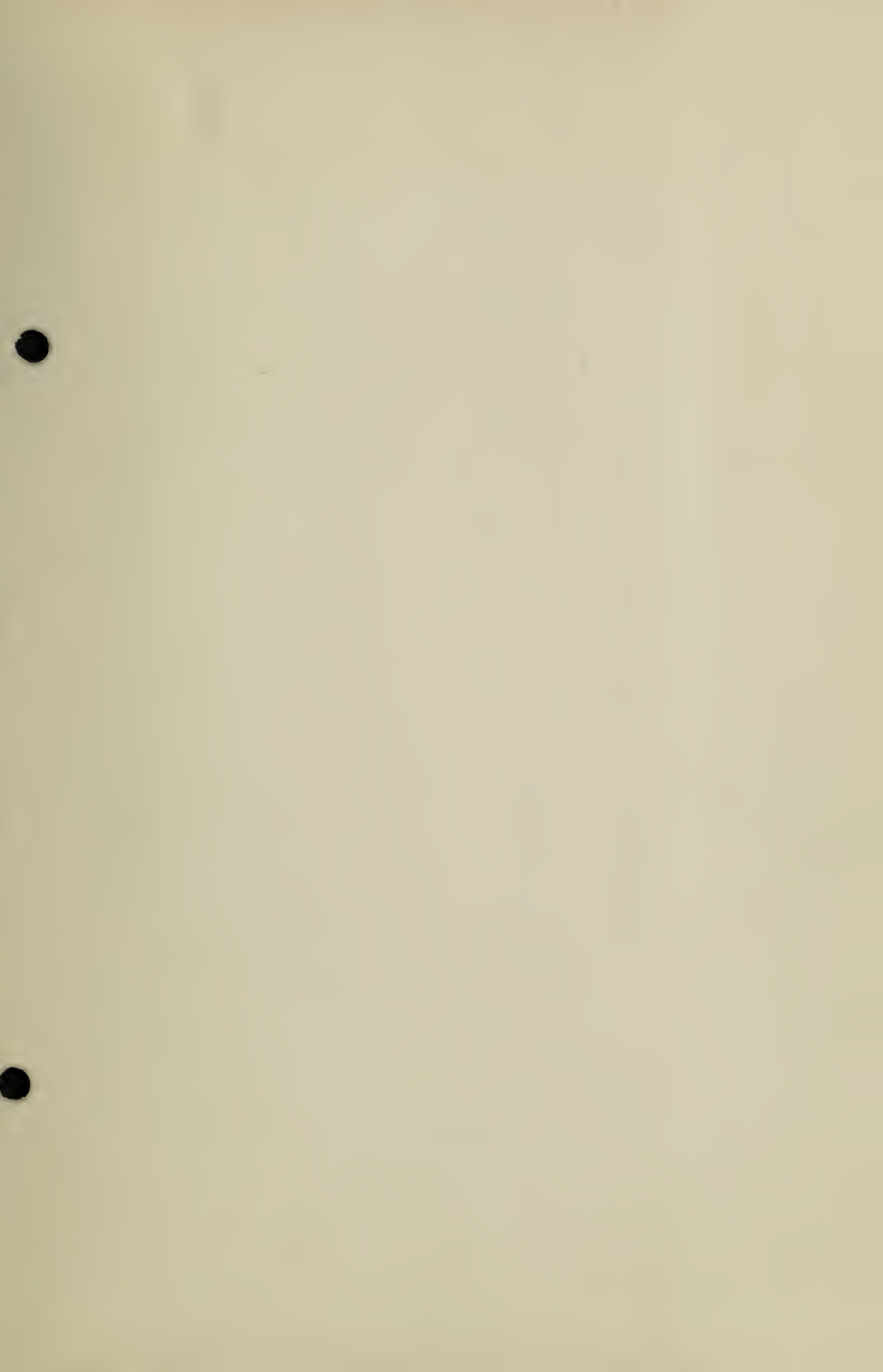
the class of 1901

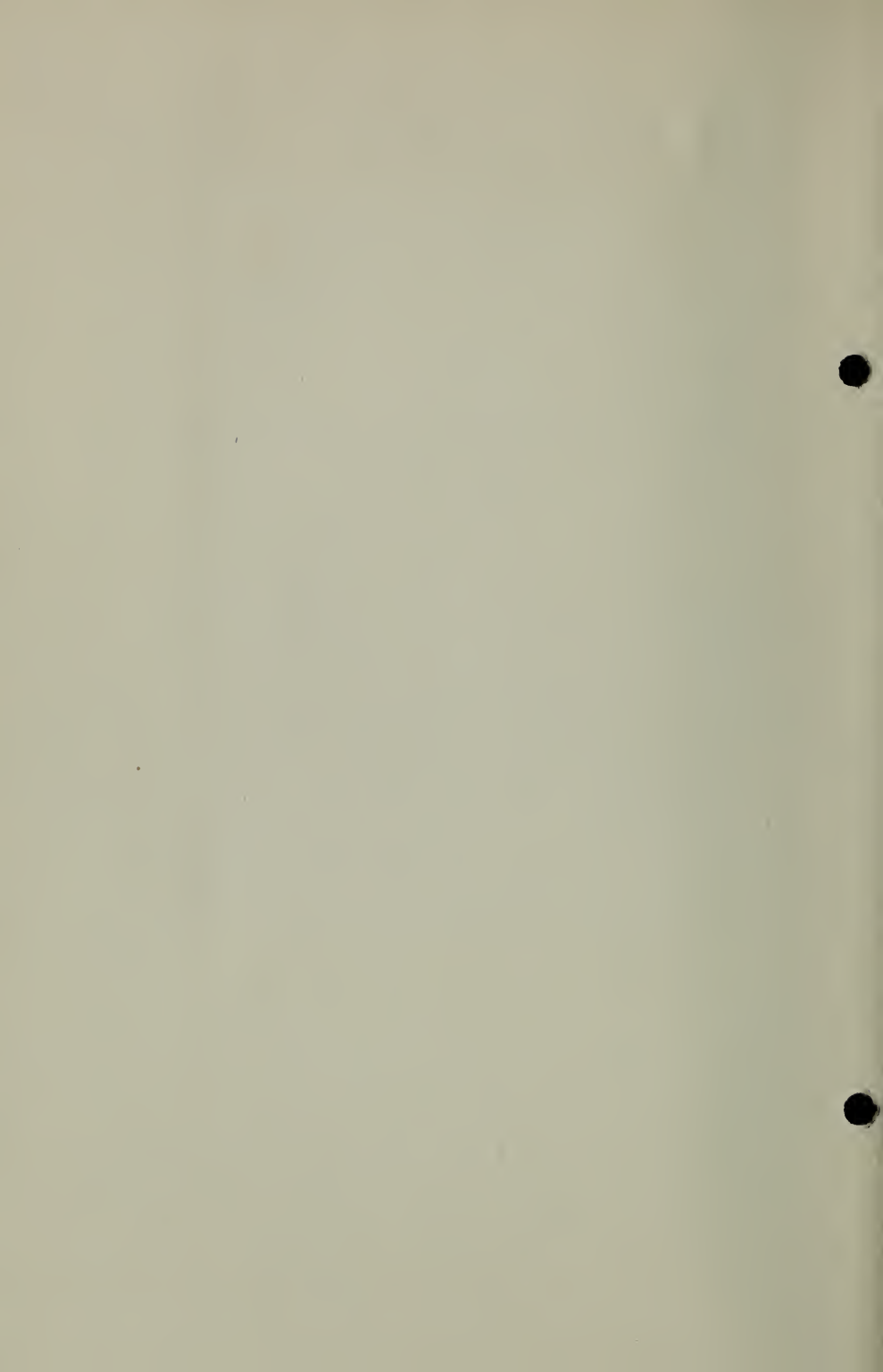
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HARLAN HOYT HORNER
and
HENRIETTA CALHOUN HORNER

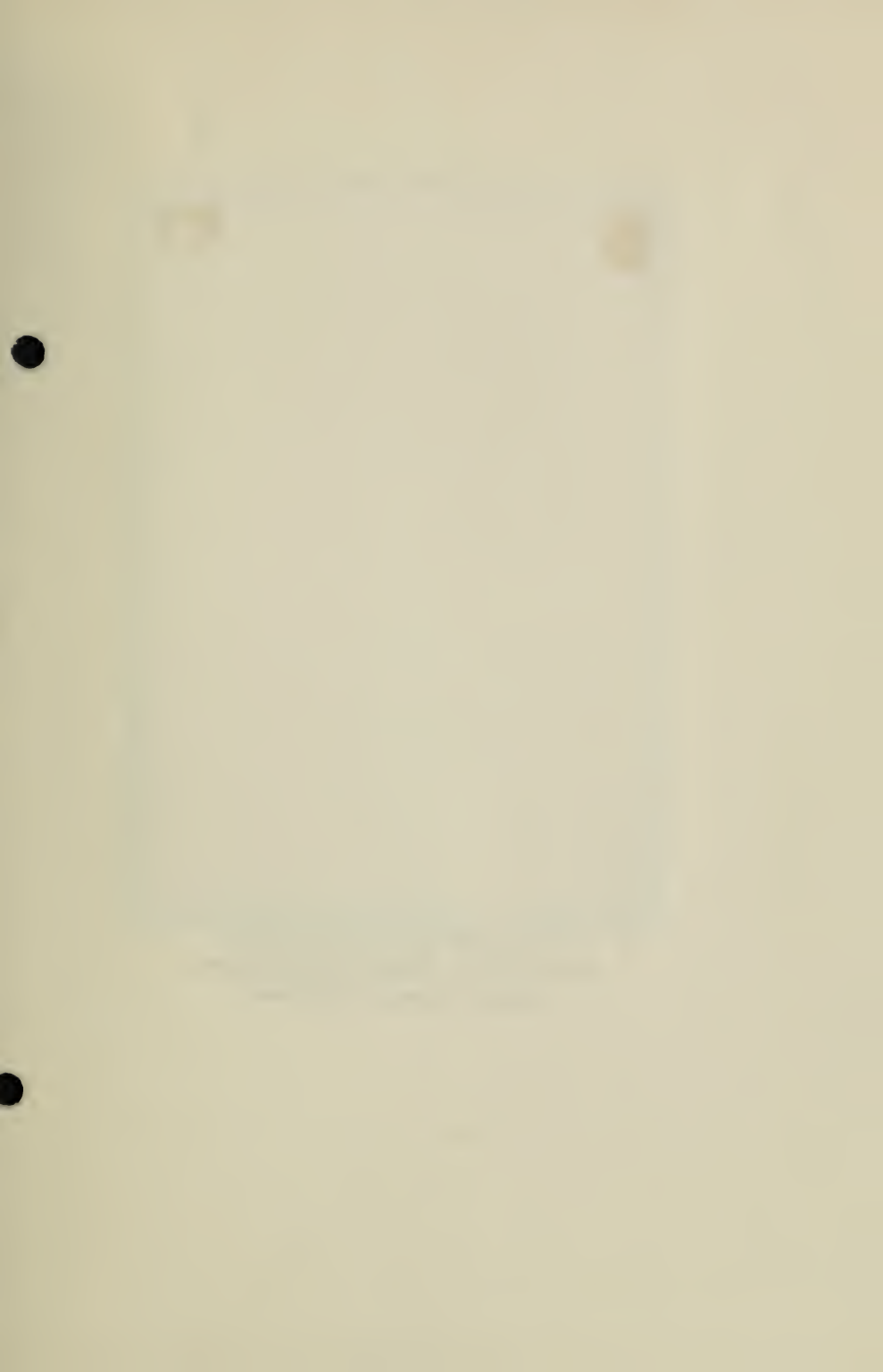
ODE TO LINCOLN'S LOG CABIN
AND OTHER VERSE

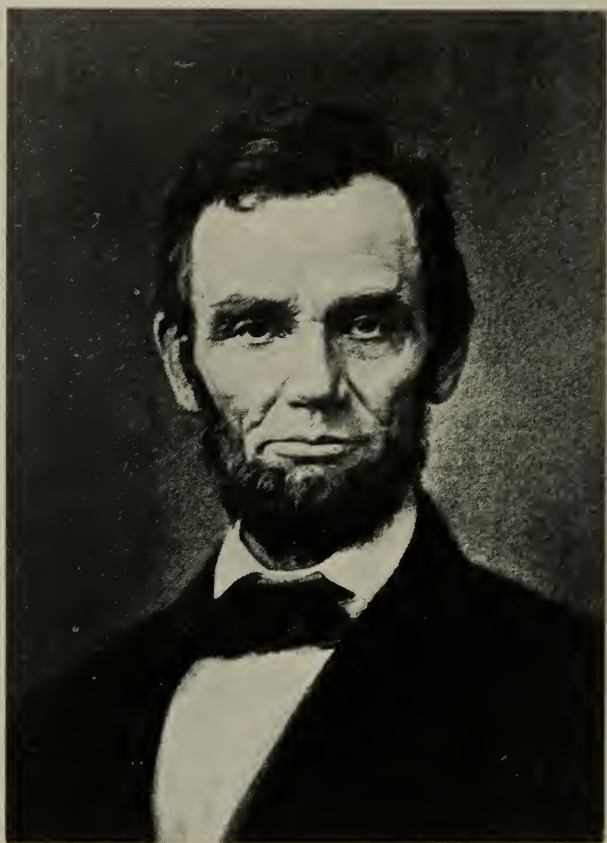
By F. RAY RISDON











ONE OF GOD'S NOBLEST GENTLEMEN—
America's Gentlest Nobleman!

ODE TO
LINCOLN'S LOG CABIN
AND OTHER VERSE

BY
F. RAY RISDON

GARDENA, CALIFORNIA
SPANISH AMERICAN INSTITUTE PRESS

1924

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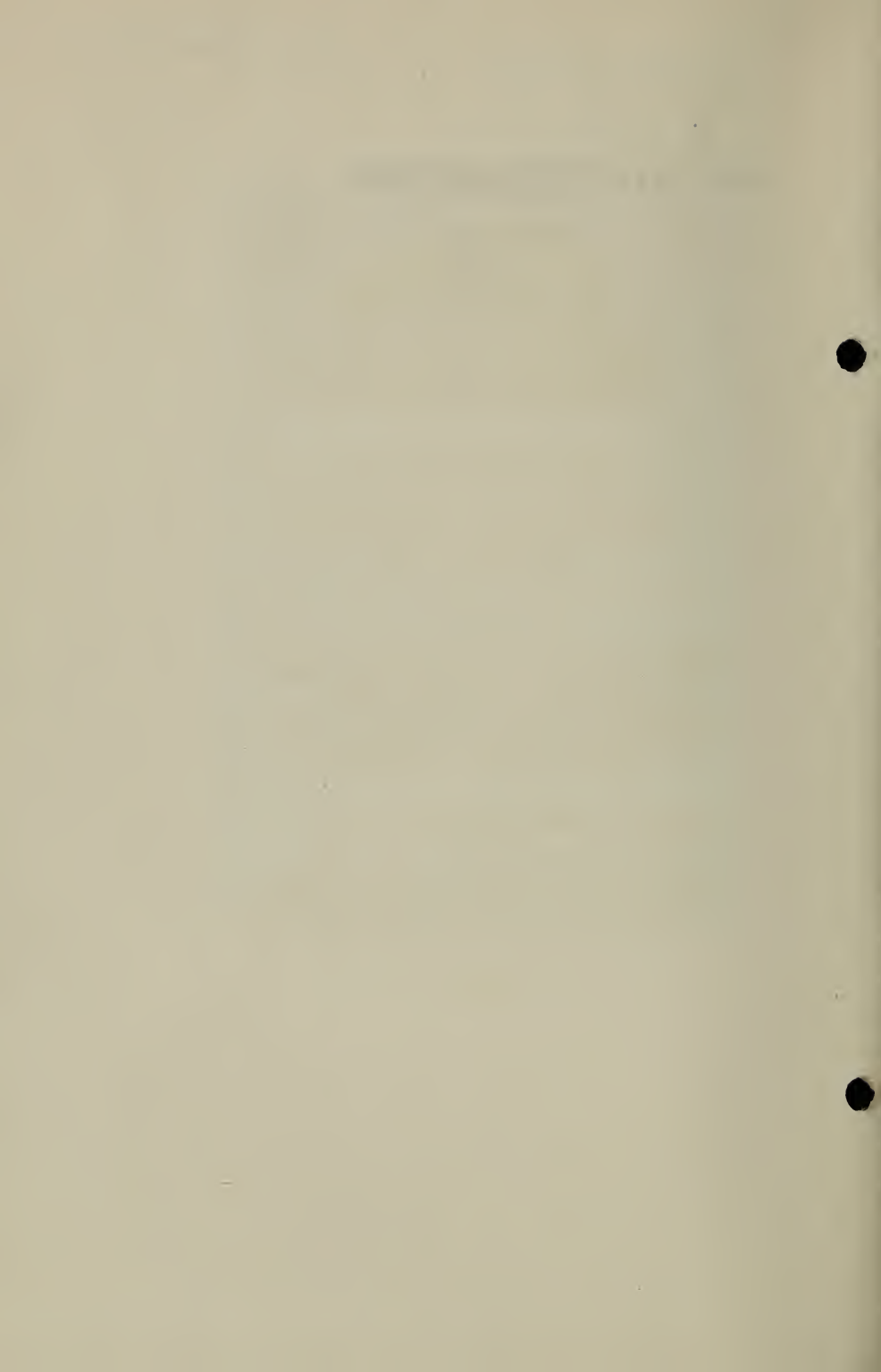
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LINCOLN Room

H2 R4925

ODE TO LINCOLN'S LOG CABIN





LINCOLN'S LOG CABIN

*Now enshrined in the Memorial Hall
dedicated by President Woodrow Wilson
in September, 1916*



O LOWLY HUT of rough-hewn logs;
O cabin-home of frontier folk;
O birthplace shrine—to thee we pay
Our Nation's debt of gratitude!

Within thy walls was born to us,
Five score and seven years ago,
That lad, who, grown to man's estate,
Preserved our Union, saved our land.

As President and patriot,
He freed four million negro slaves,
And gave his life—a martyr's gift—
When stricken down by traitor's hand.

A marble hall we've built for thee,
And dedicated thine abode:
Memorial to him we love,
Whose mansion is Eternity.

Protected now from storms of Time,
Within this building beautiful,
Still stand, O sacred shrine, and speak
To generations yet unborn!

May thy rude frame and mem'ries sweet
Inspire humanity, and tell
Of him, — a product of our soil,—
Who loved mankind and liberty.

And may this "honored dead" still live,
While ages pass—as even now,—
Enshrined within the hearts of men:
Our greatest, noblest citizen.

Los Angeles, California
September 1916

MY SERVICE CREED

He serves God best who serves his fellowmen—

And who can better serve than he

Who loves his Lord supremely,

His brother-man sincerely,

And strives, each day,

The Christian life to live?

He truly lives who loves and serves.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
A CHRONOLOGY

In a log cabin lowly born;
Lawyer true, and legislator;
Lover of mankind, patriot;
Liberator, statesman, martyr.

TO MARY MINE

The meadow has its clover-grass,
Each flower has its bee;
Each worthy lad his lovely lass,
And I—rich man!—have thee.

HEART'S DESIRE

O for a spot where flowers bloom,
A place where trees and mountains loom:
The home of folk and God above—
There let me live, and work, and love!

JUST BEYOND

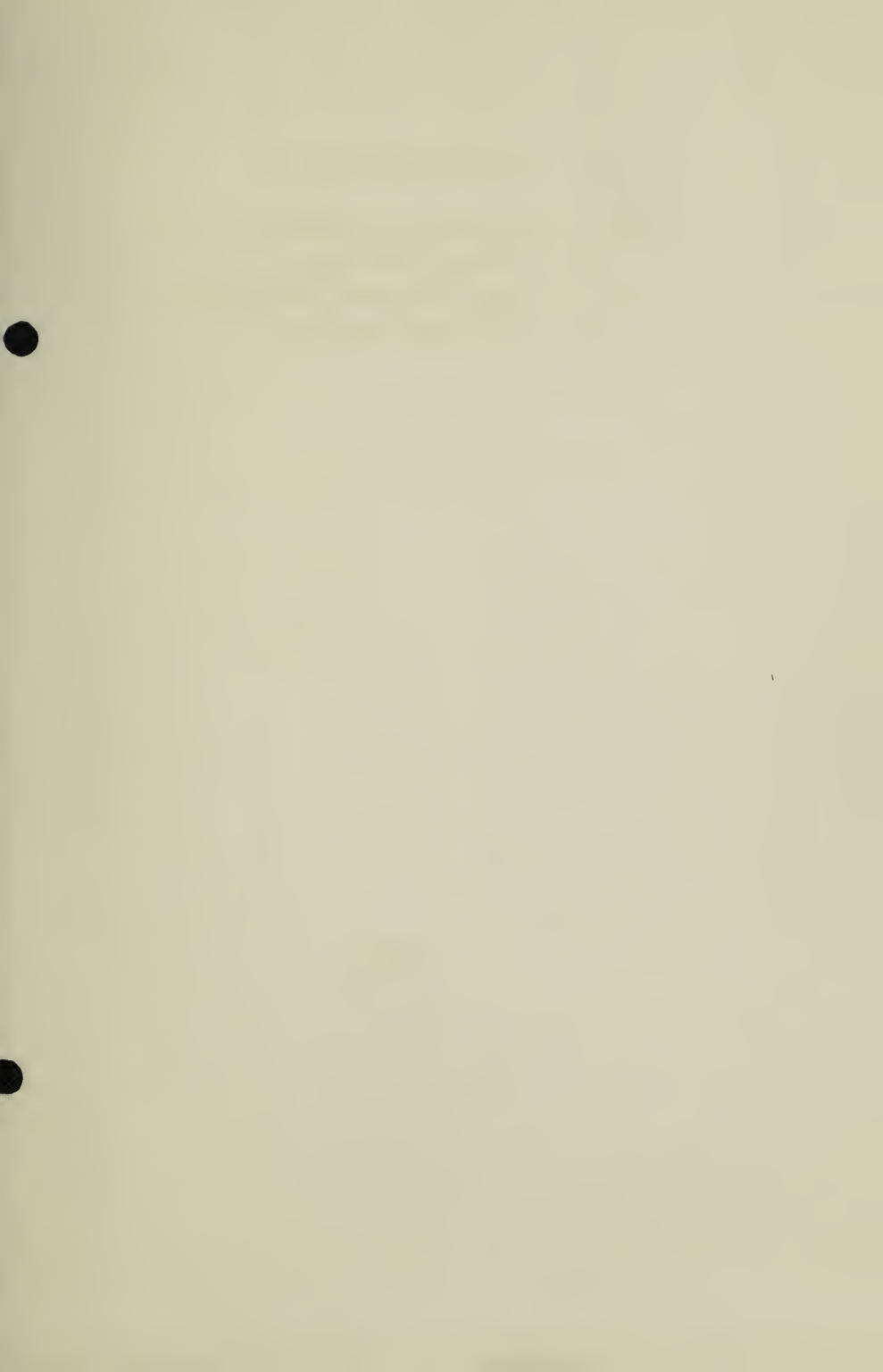
Beyond the hills which crown the slope,
The friendly mountains lie;
Their rugged peaks of purple-gray
Outlined against the sky.

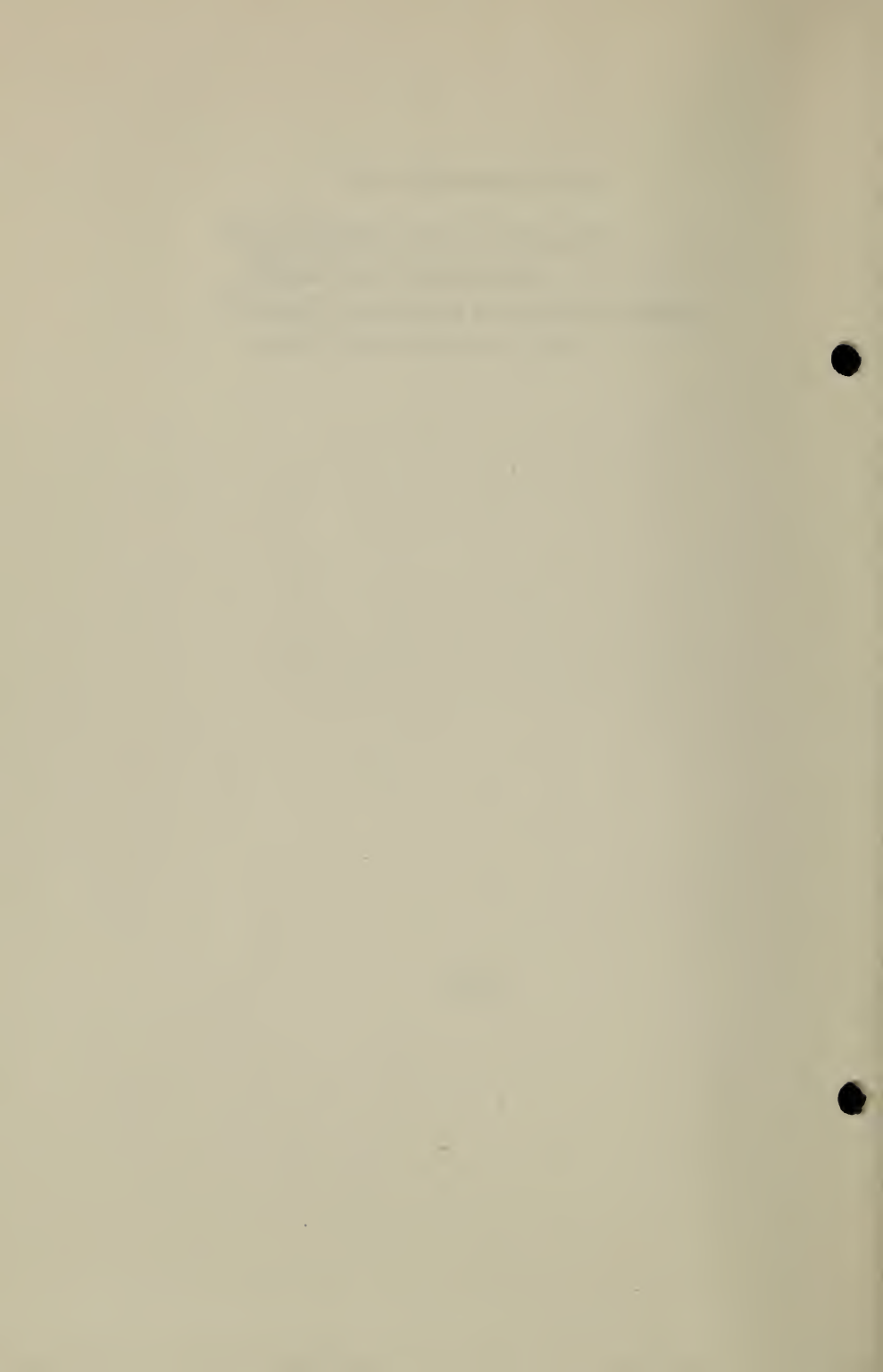
Behind the clouds which dim our sun,
That glowing orb still shines;
While, lighting up the crystal pools,
The rainbow tops the pines.

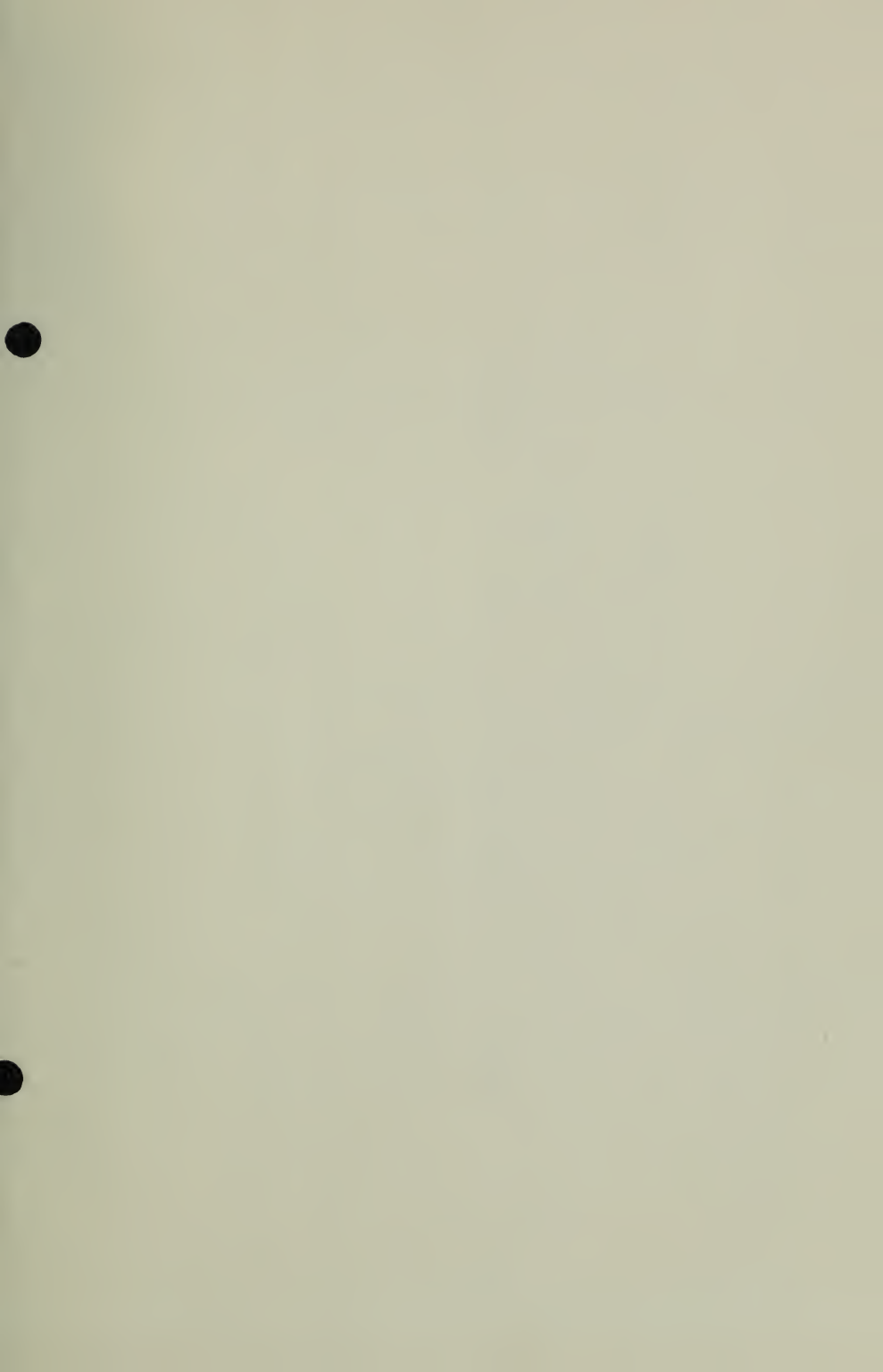
Beyond the frontiers of our world,
A better Land, and fair,
Invites and calls and welcomes all—
Our Homeland, Over There.

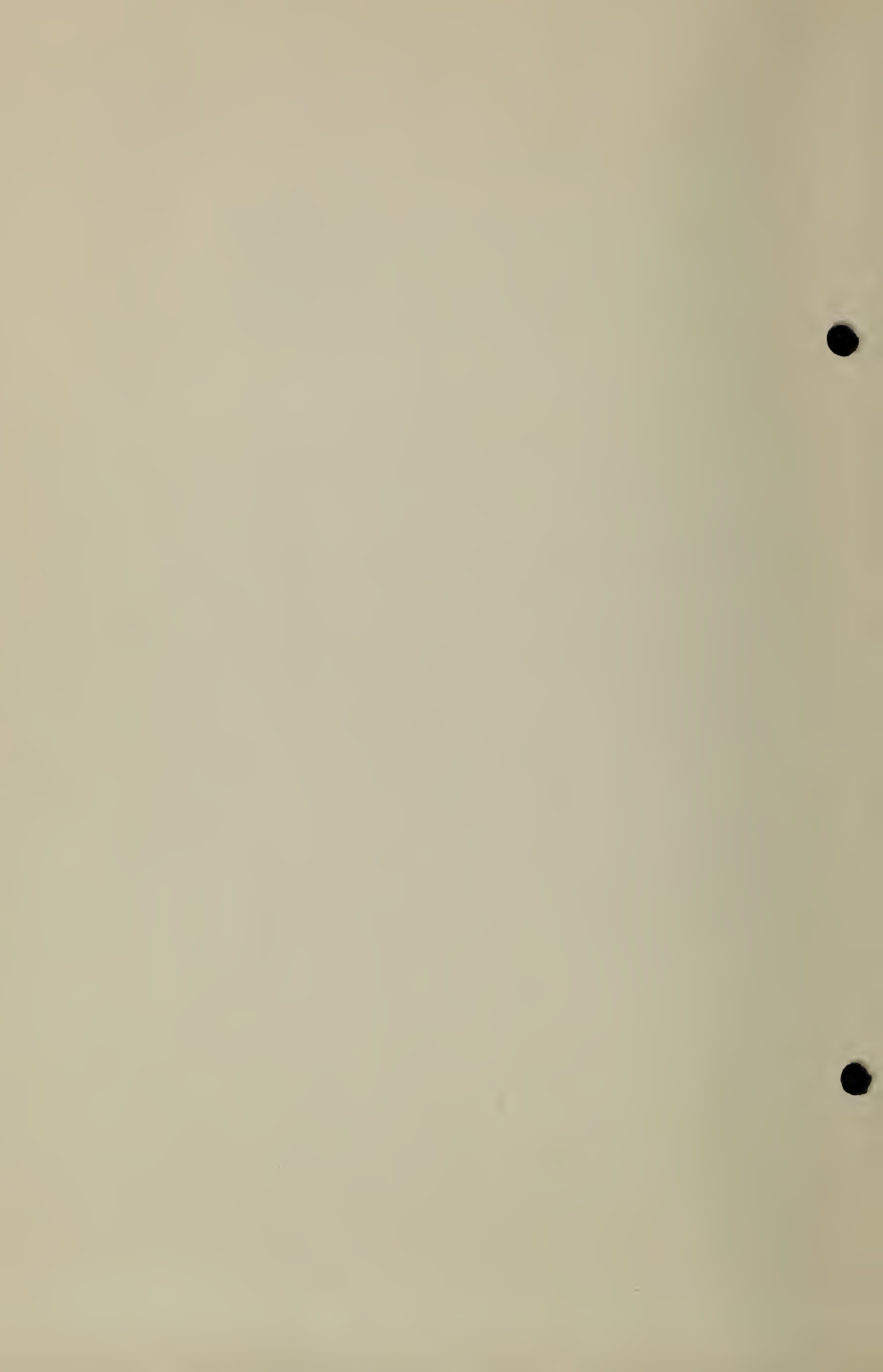
THE UPWARD CLIMB

The traveled road of yesterday
Behind my back doth lie:
To-day's rough path ahead doth stretch,
And I must climb—or die.

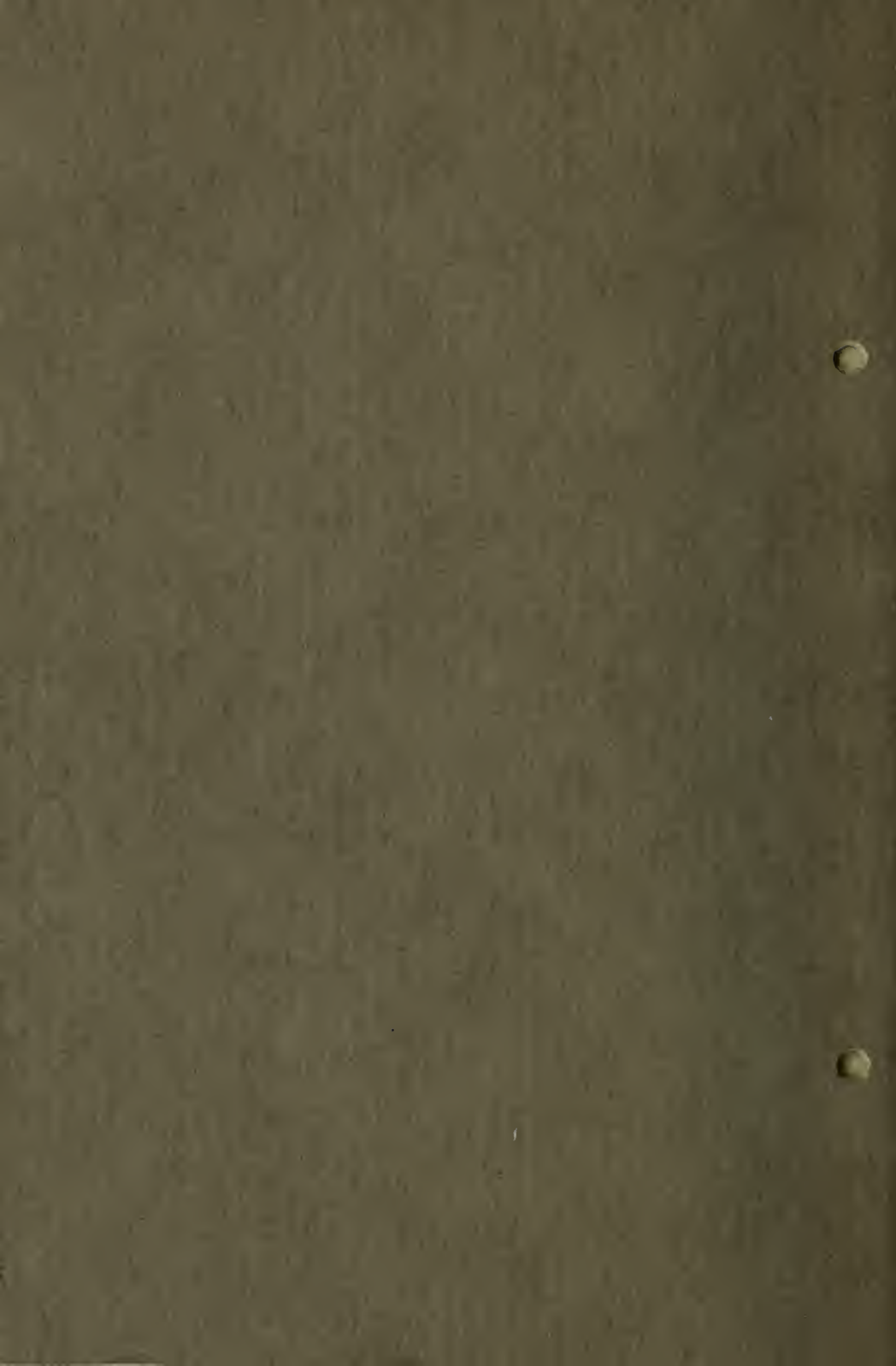












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Ode to Lincoln's Log Cabin +c
- Risdon, F. Ray

- 1924

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